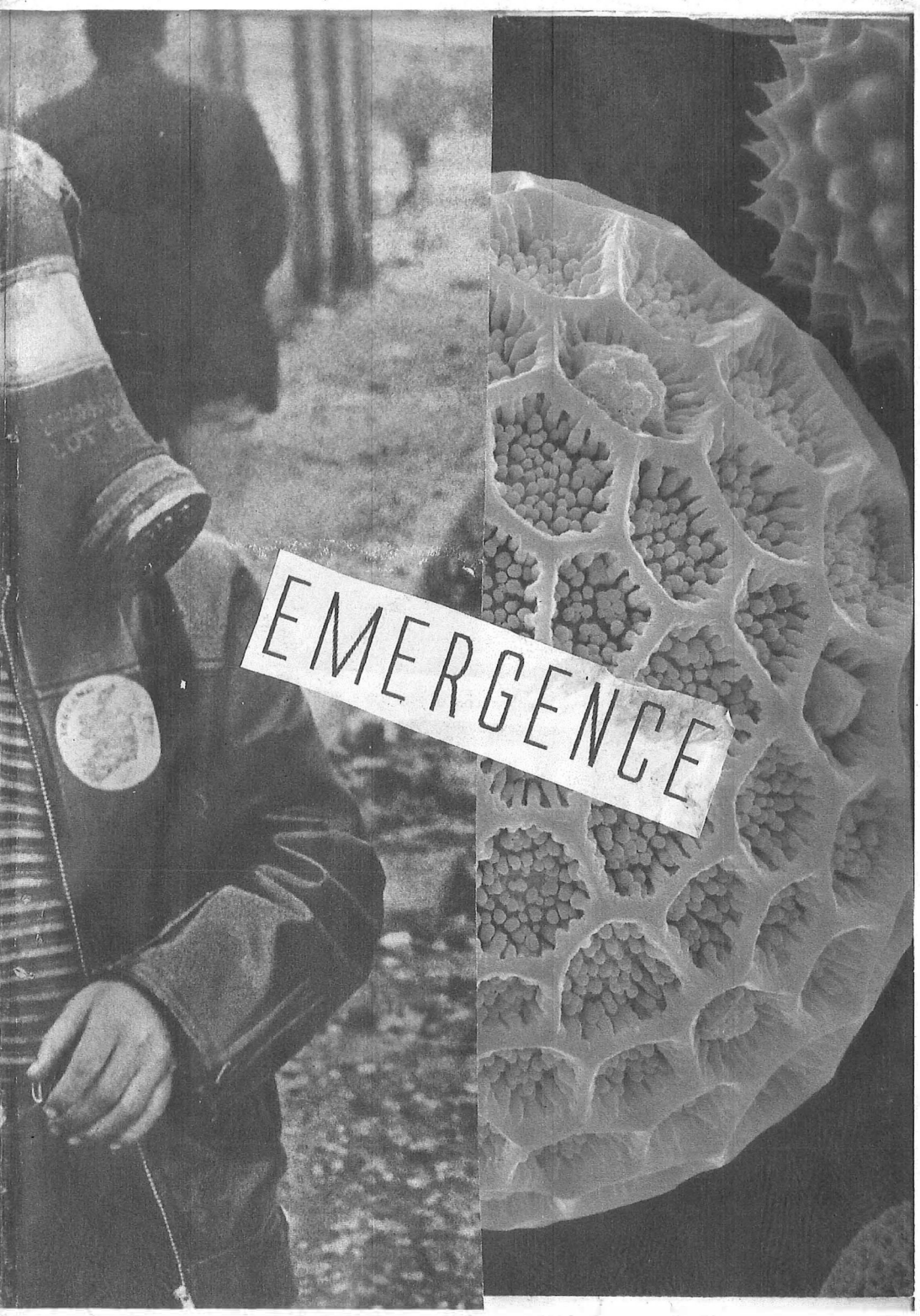
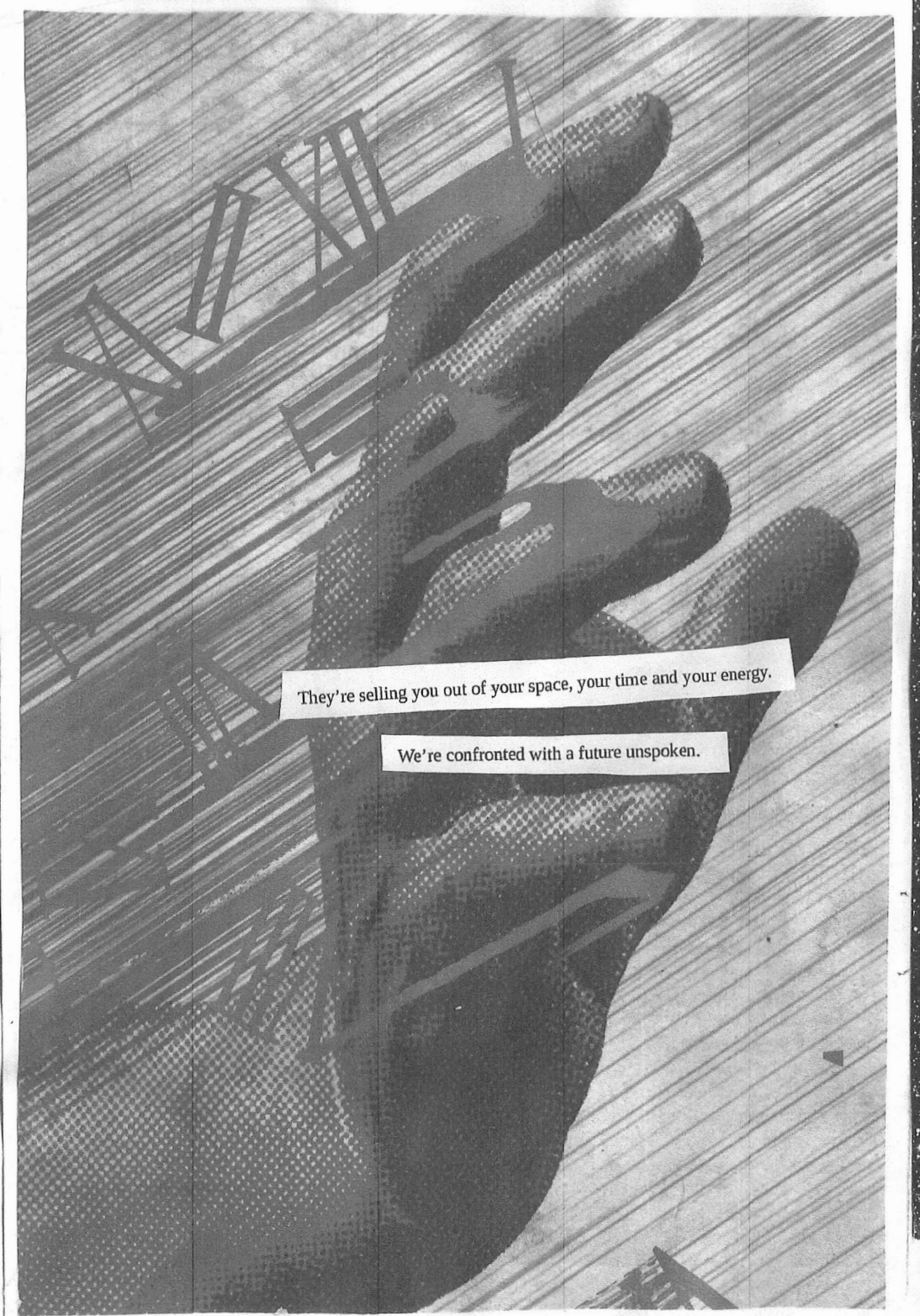


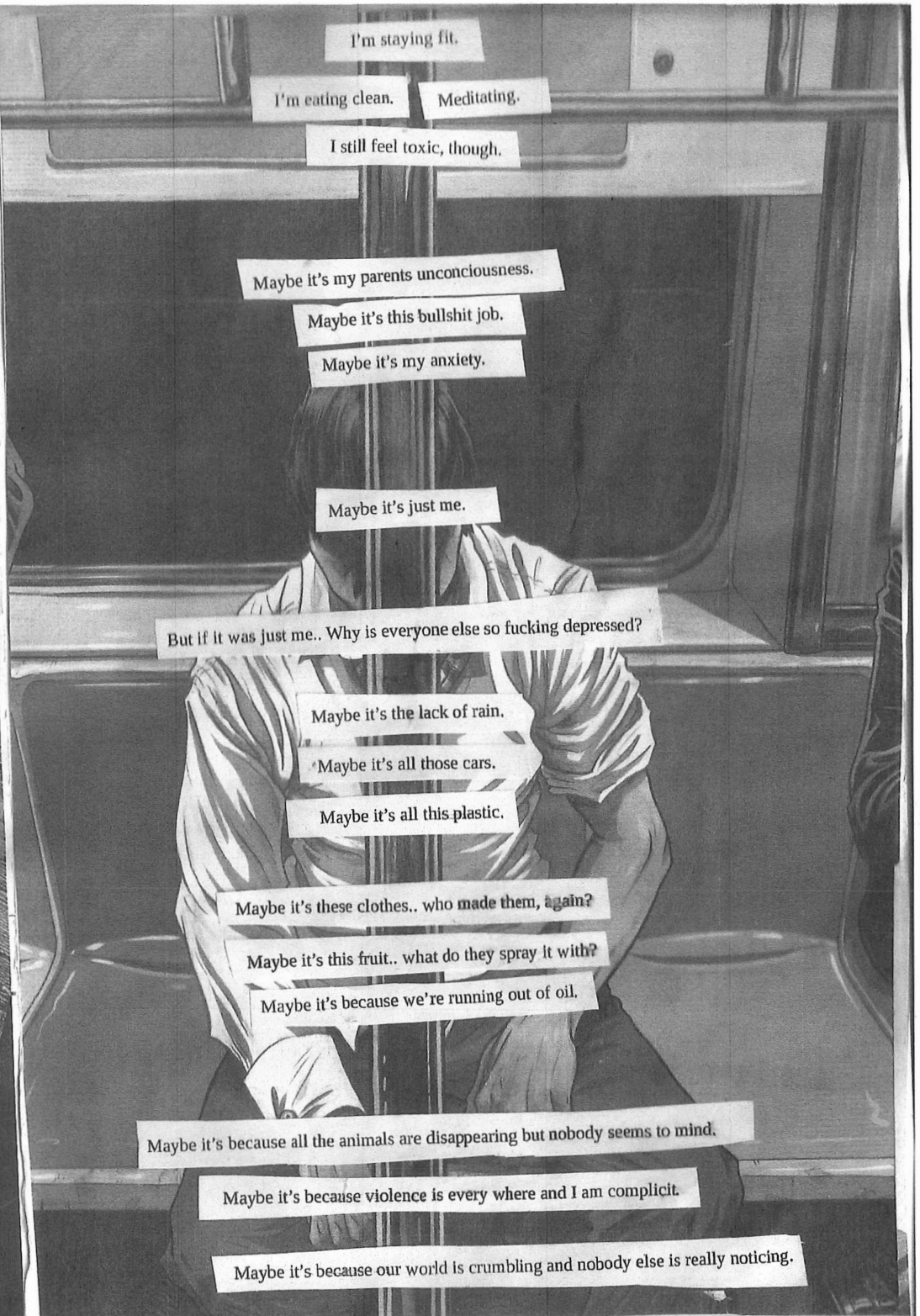


EMERGENCE



They're selling you out of your space, your time and your energy.

We're confronted with a future unspoken.



I'm staying fit.

I'm eating clean.

Meditating.

I still feel toxic, though.

Maybe it's my parents unconsciousness.

Maybe it's this bullshit job.

Maybe it's my anxiety.

Maybe it's just me.

But if it was just me.. Why is everyone else so fucking depressed?

Maybe it's the lack of rain.

Maybe it's all those cars.

Maybe it's all this plastic.

Maybe it's these clothes.. who made them, again?

Maybe it's this fruit.. what do they spray it with?

Maybe it's because we're running out of oil.

Maybe it's because all the animals are disappearing but nobody seems to mind.

Maybe it's because violence is every where and I am complicit.

Maybe it's because our world is crumbling and nobody else is really noticing.

Somehow though, it's all business as usual.

Plugged in. Tuned out. Staring at their screens so they don't have to see the planet die.

Living for the weekend, for the big game, the first beer.

But something feels off..

here's something they're not dealing with.

What are we so scared of facing?

This civilization is collapsing

How is nobody saying this.

How is nobody seeing this.

Does this sound melodramatic?

Tune out of this artifice constructed for human whims only

Tune into your environment.

Start to feel the rhythms around you.

It's telling you something on a level deeper than the intellect.

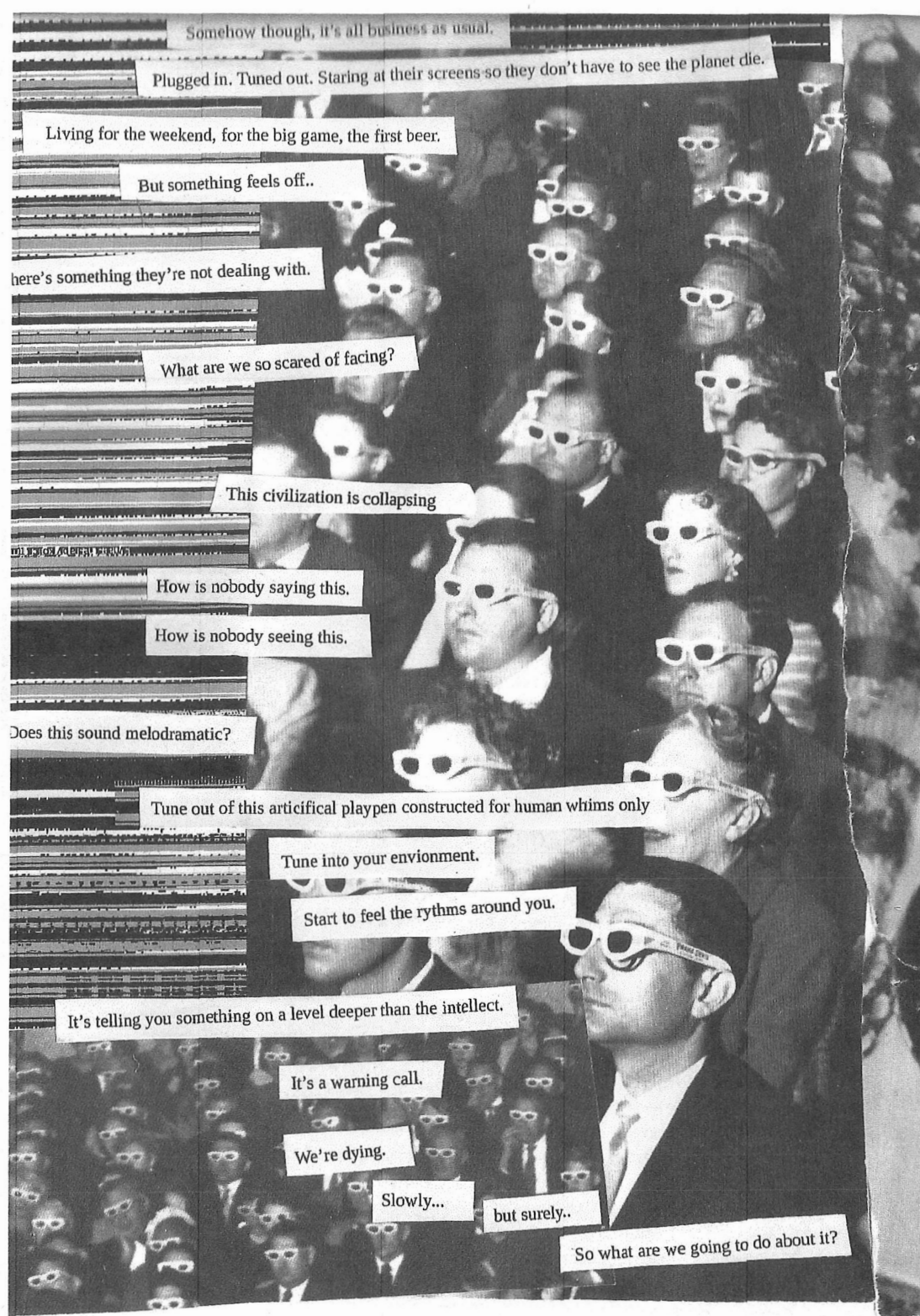
It's a warning call.

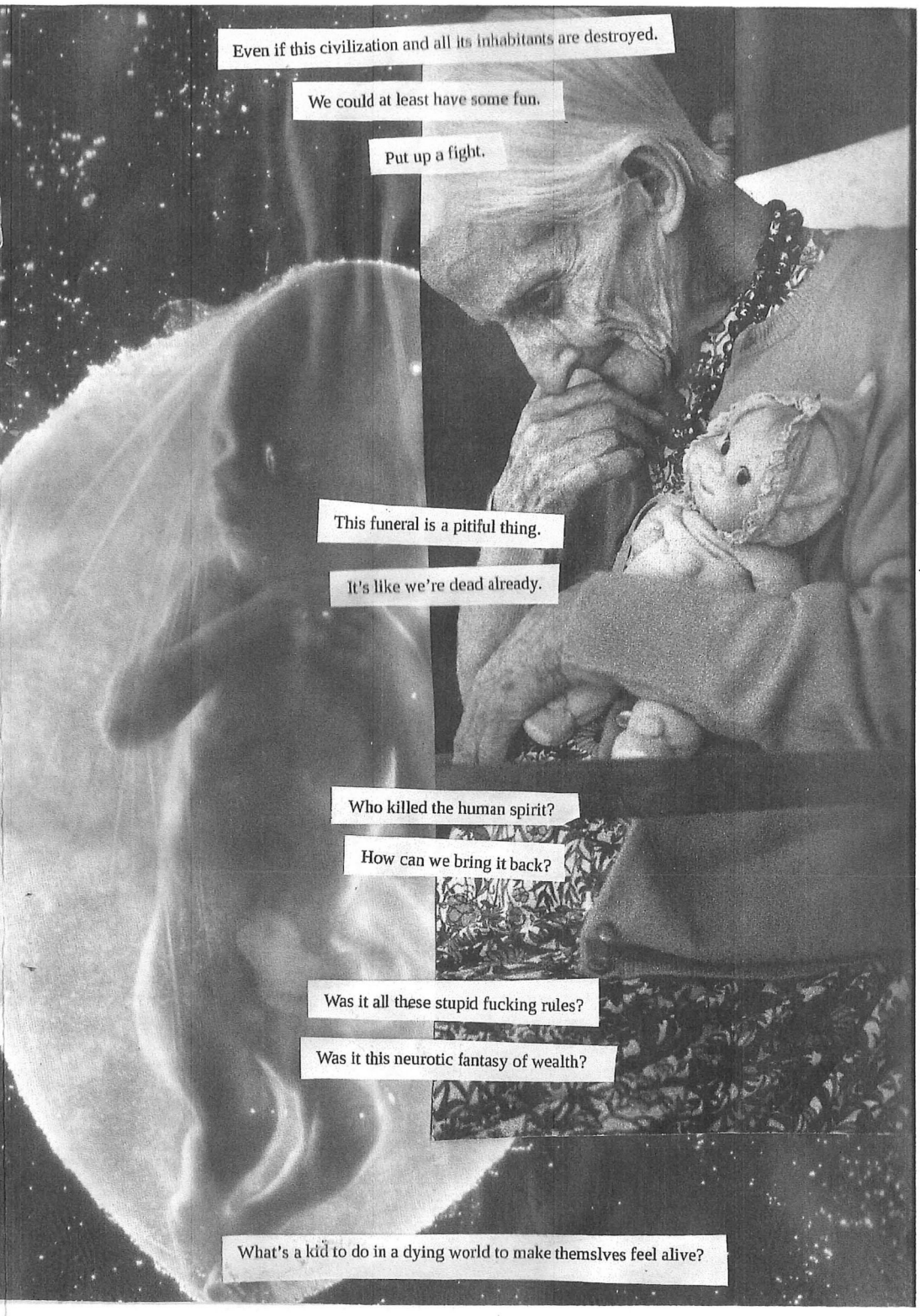
We're dying.

Slowly...

but surely..

So what are we going to do about it?





Even if this civilization and all its inhabitants are destroyed.

We could at least have some fun.

Put up a fight.

This funeral is a pitiful thing.

It's like we're dead already.

Who killed the human spirit?

How can we bring it back?

Was it all these stupid fucking rules?

Was it this neurotic fantasy of wealth?

What's a kid to do in a dying world to make themselves feel alive?

YOU!

You beautiful unique thing...

Welcome to a truly extraordinary point in human history.

You've woken up in a dying world!

This civilization is collapsing

And we're both right here in the middle of it.

It's time to PICK YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

Creation

or

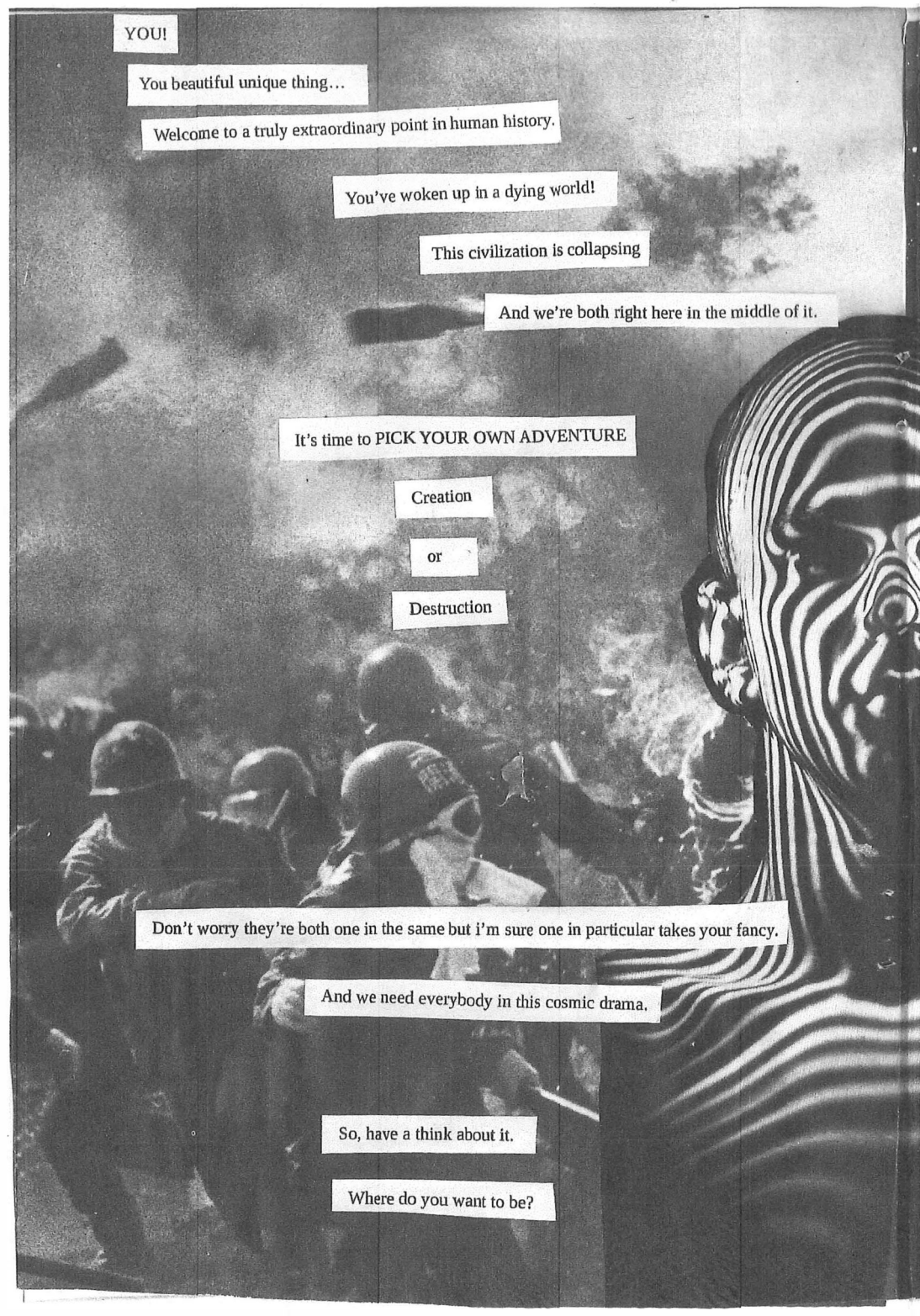
Destruction

Don't worry they're both one in the same but i'm sure one in particular takes your fancy.

And we need everybody in this cosmic drama.

So, have a think about it.

Where do you want to be?





Let's start by being honest.

Leave the mask at home.

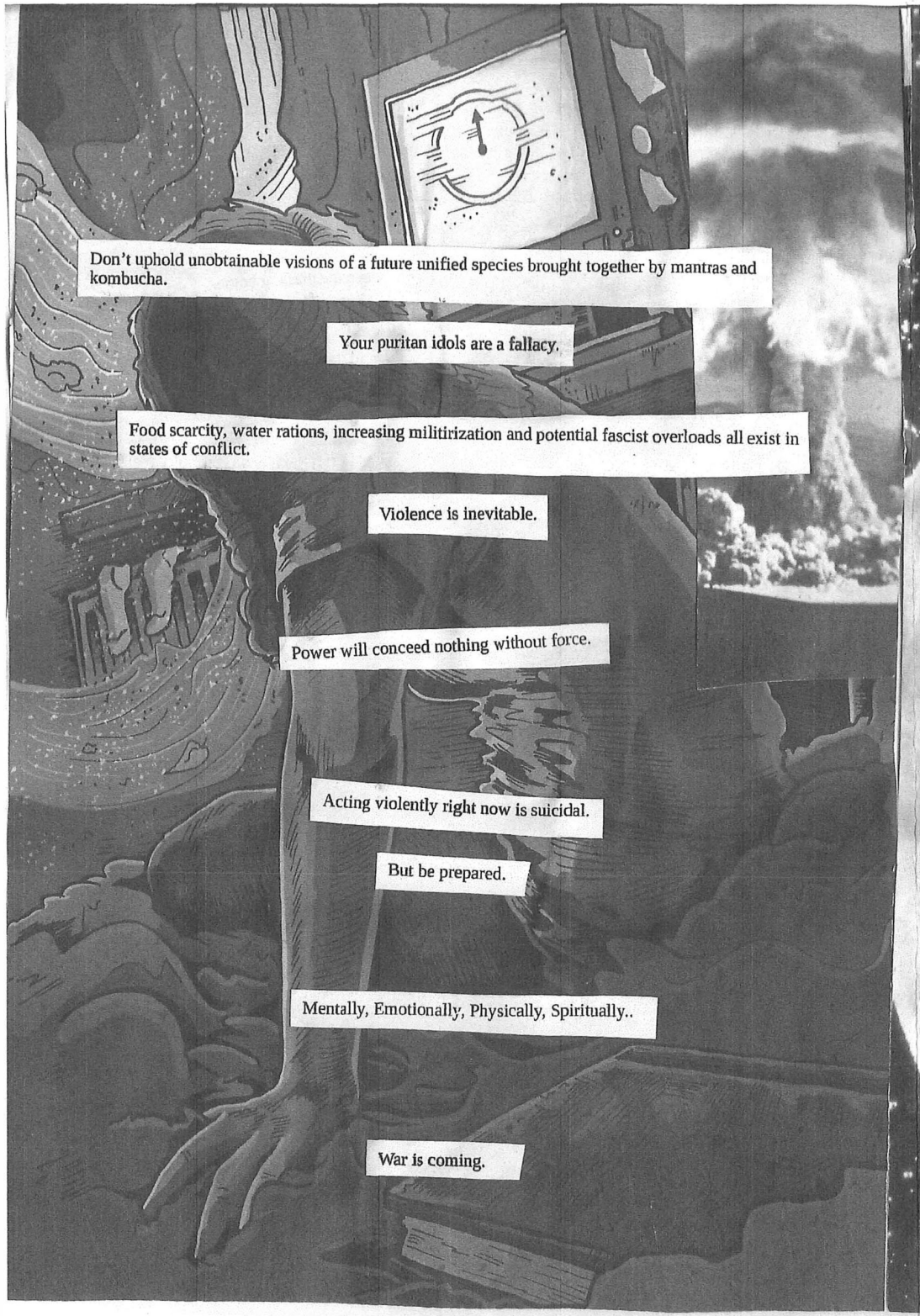
Look them in the eye.

Tell them how you really feel.

Leave every human interaction on a higher note than which you found it.

Start seeing the potential in everyone and everything.





Don't uphold unobtainable visions of a future unified species brought together by mantras and kombucha.

Your puritan idols are a fallacy.

Food scarcity, water rations, increasing militarization and potential fascist overloads all exist in states of conflict.

Violence is inevitable.

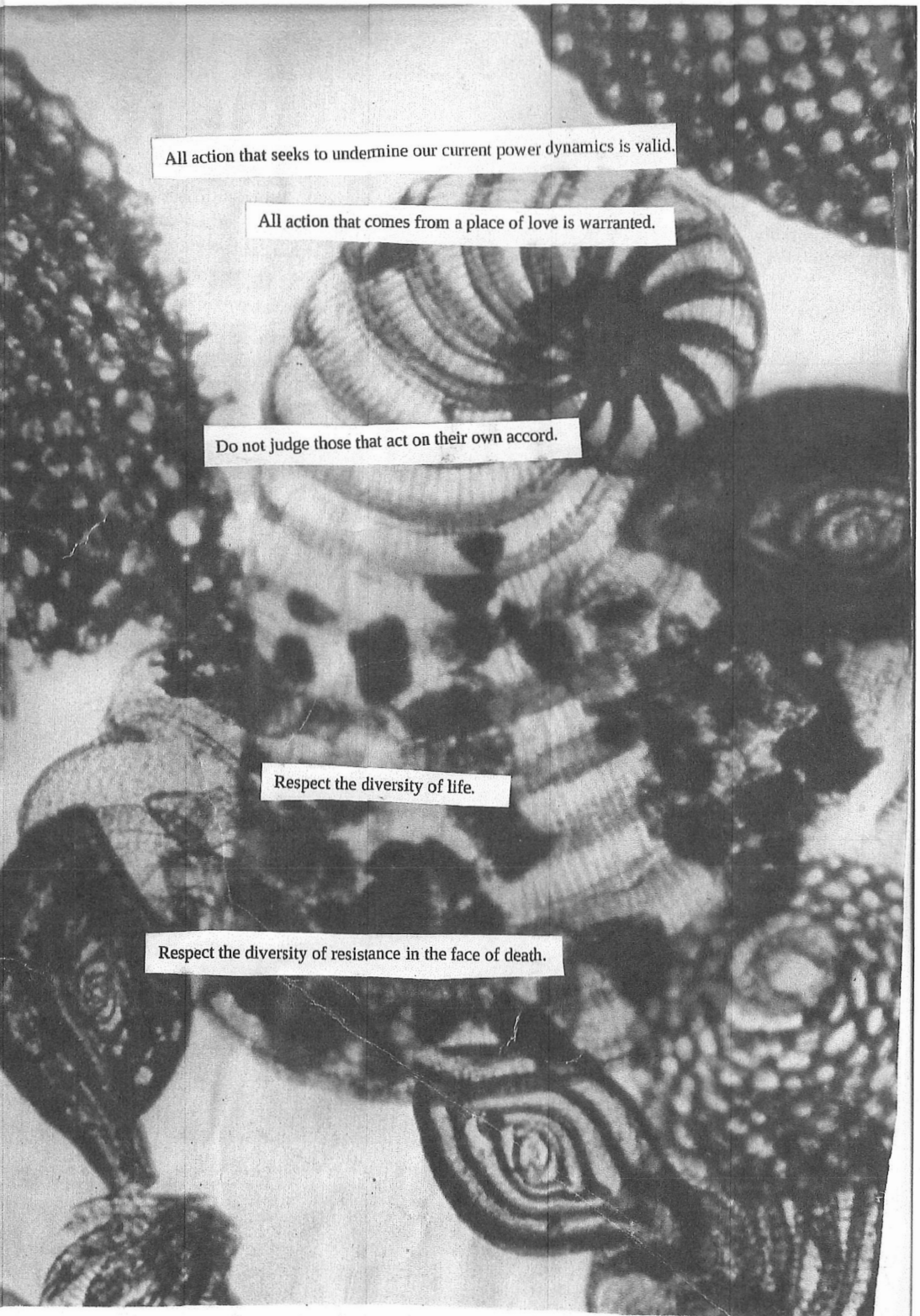
Power will concede nothing without force.

Acting violently right now is suicidal.

But be prepared.

Mentally, Emotionally, Physically, Spiritually..

War is coming.



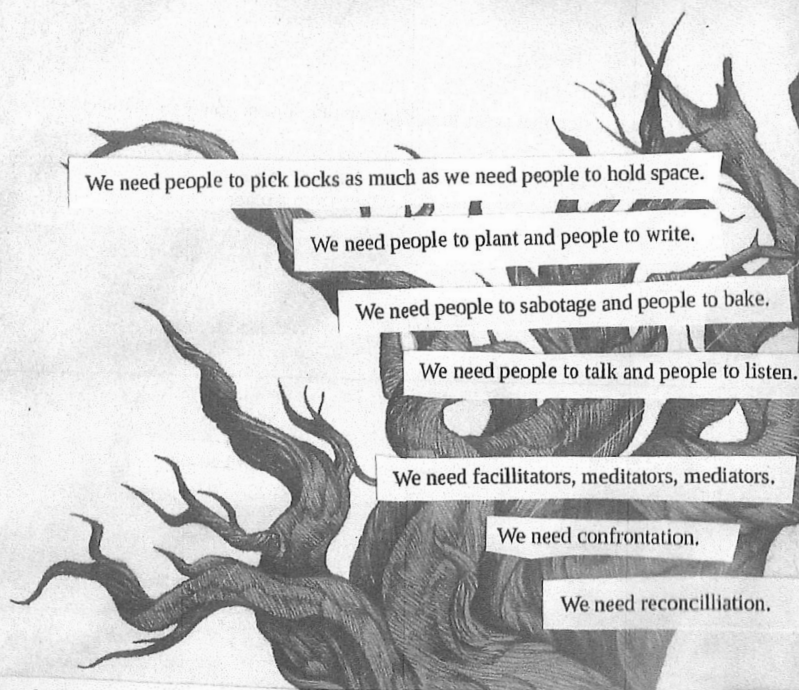
All action that seeks to undermine our current power dynamics is valid.

All action that comes from a place of love is warranted.

Do not judge those that act on their own accord.

Respect the diversity of life.

Respect the diversity of resistance in the face of death.



We need people to pick locks as much as we need people to hold space.

We need people to plant and people to write.

We need people to sabotage and people to bake.

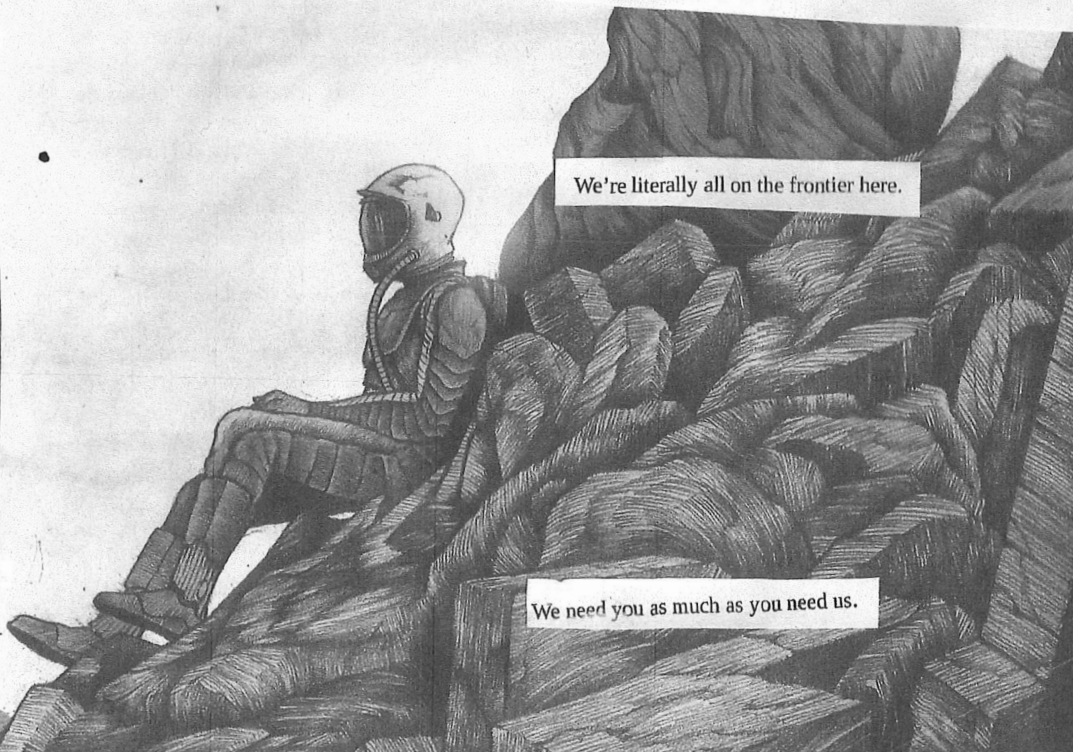
We need people to talk and people to listen.

We need facilitators, meditators, mediators.

We need confrontation.

We need reconciliation.

We need carers, we need lovers, we need artists, we need musicians, we need conspiritors, we need hackers, we need educators.



We're literally all on the frontier here.

We need you as much as you need us.

Why are you still touching on?

Why are you paying rent?

Why are you letting anyone tell you what is and isn't permissible?

This world is of our own creation and the 'laws' in which we're bound to live inside our heads.

To plan a jail break..

What a terrifying concept!

Are you scared?

Does society help you feel safe?

Is your coffin well structured?

Well let me tell you...

The real damage is done by those millions who want to 'survive.'

The honest men who just want to be left in peace.

Those who don't want their little lives disturbed by anything bigger than themselves.

Those with no sides and no causes.

Those who won't take measure of their own strength, for fear of antagonizing their own weakness.

Those who don't like to make waves—or enemies.

Those for whom freedom, honour, truth, and principles are only literature.

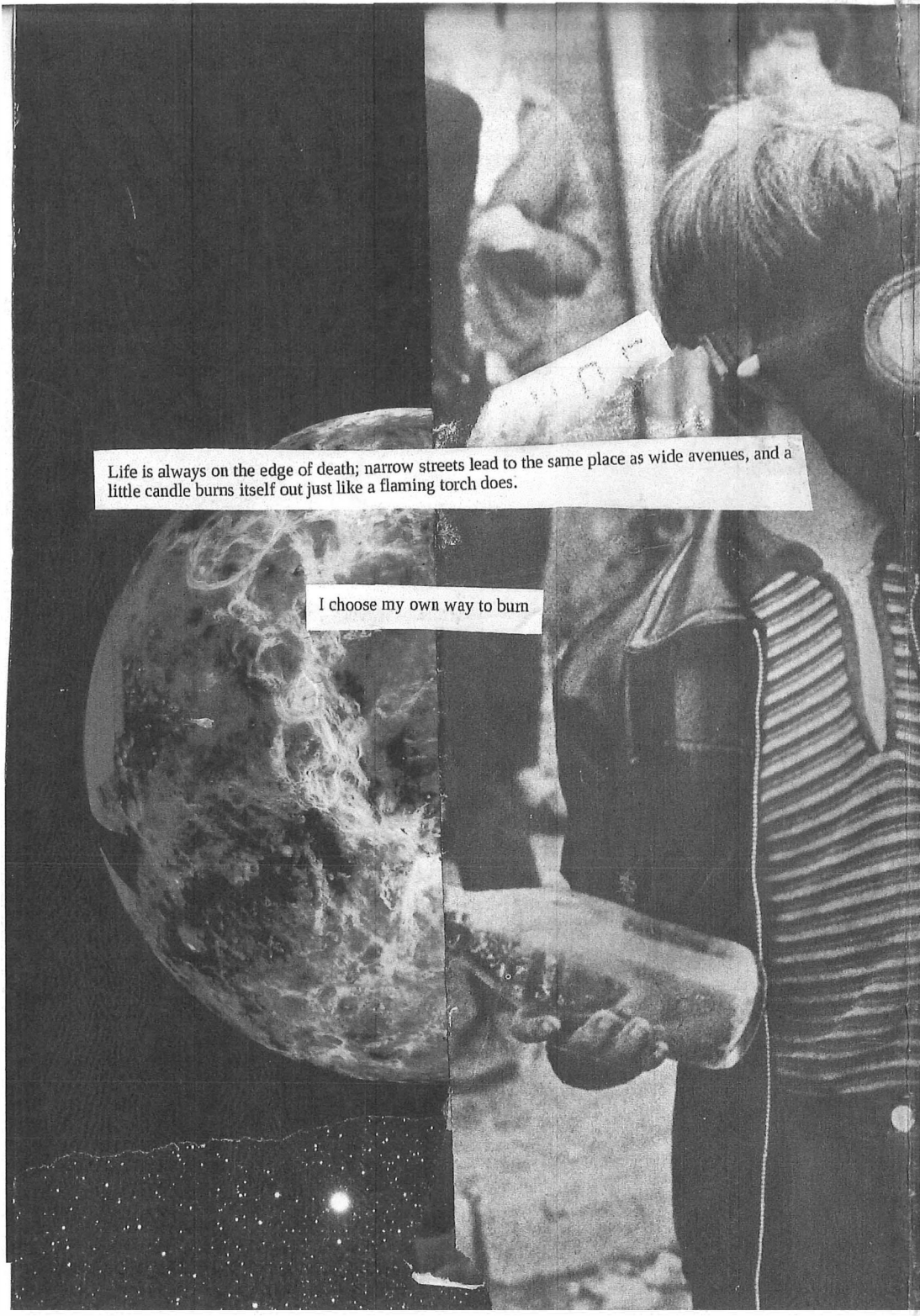
Those who live small, mate small, die small.

It's the reductionist approach to life: if you keep it small, you'll keep it under control.

If you don't make any noise, the bogeyman won't find you.

But it's all an illusion, because they die too, those people who roll up their spirits into tiny little balls so as to be safe.

Safe?! From what?



Life is always on the edge of death; narrow streets lead to the same place as wide avenues, and a little candle burns itself out just like a flaming torch does.

I choose my own way to burn